ΠΑΝΑΛΕΘΑ

πλας ολόγα.

Or the DEPLUMATION

M" Anne Gibbs,

Of those furtivous perfections whereof She was supposed a Proprietary, By Envious Fame.

Deplored by her (once) Admirer, R. W.

Aud. Ep. Lib. 1.

Forma tibi famam peperit, sed filia matrem Occidit, formam, non bona sama, bonam.

Thy beauty 'got thee fame, but th' daughter spoil'd.

The Mother, thy ill name thy face hath foil'd.

Printed Anno Virginis parturientis, 1662,

Walden (Richard) Hoth 163 1-43

T

ΠΑΝΑΛΕΘΑ

πλας ολόγα.

Or the DEPLUMATION

M" Anne Gibbs,

Of those furtivous perfections whereof She was supposed a Proprietary, By Envious Fame.

Deplored by her (once) Admirer, R. W.

Aud. Ep. Lib. 1.

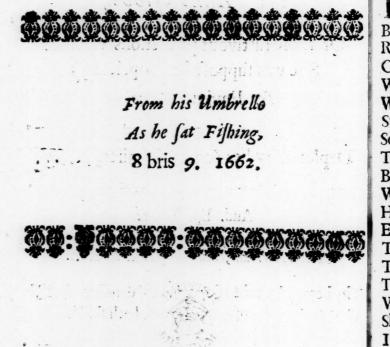
Forma tibi famam peperit, sed filia matrem Occidit, formam, non bona fama, bonam:

Thy beauty 'got thee fame, but th' daughter spoil'd The Mother, thy ill name thy face hath soil'd.

Printed Anno Virginis parturientis, 1662.



From his Umbrello As he sat Fishing, 8 bris 9. 1662.



Πανάλεθα Πλασολόγα.

Ownby those batfull Banks I sate erewhile. Where Royal Thames old Thorney did in-isle. But barr'd his ancient road the amorous youth Ran round about to know the real truth Of what his mother Isis heard, while she Was entertain'd by th' Gowned Company. Which was that LUCRECE for both mind and face Surpassed all with whom she came in place. So he, (a) inflam'd by th' rumor, did repaire To match hers with his parent's famous (b) haire: But bing arrived on that (c) fertil Strand. Where Elineor's Obelisk did Stand, He heard Fame's trumpet found a quick retreat, Extenuating what she once proclaim'd so great. Therefore he would not stay, but went before To meet old walbrook his fly paramour. To whom I heard him in a fume rehearse What he had heard; but this my Tragick verse Shall fpeak another passion, all this while I was projecting in what mournfull stile

 ⁽a) Flumina senserunt ipsa quid esset Amor. Ovid.
 (b) I sidu πλόγαμος à Poetis veteribus usitatum.
 (c) Fertilis à multis si terra vocata ferendis,
 Fertilis est, multos nam-tulit. Aud.

I should articulate my woes, what Muse
For this grave expedition I should chuse.
I call'd the Sisters nine, but could not finde
One sad enough to personate my minde.
Want of gravity they pretended all,
Melpomene was too too Comicall.
Wherefore I meant my silence not to break,
But pass that over which I could not speak.
But 'lass I found this burthen worse than th' first,
And that the cask, if 't did not leak, would burst.
So thence I migrated and now reside
'Mongst Feck' nhams faunes by murm'ring Arro's side,
To whom I told my grievance, and he sought
Quick means for to redress it, for he brought

One of his Naiads to me, who had long In solitude complained of the wrong Old Feck'nhams Satyrs did her since his fall, Sculking in caverns' bout her Master's Hall. And after Catalogues of griefs agen, The sable Nymph thus dictates to my pen.

Let none henceforth explode that Sophister who faid The Snow was black, to what may not fense be (missed?

What falsities may n't Demonstration lead us to, When that great rule of Reason (a) Gartrude proves (untrue?

⁽a) A Teutonico Bar omnu & Trube veritas Significatione Graco πανάλεθα consonans.

Now Barbara, once thought absolute, mongst the Logicians shall account but Topical at best. Tell me no more of Claudia who Poets dream Drew Cybele's image up royal Tyber's Stream. Tell me no more of Artemisia, nor her Who took up water in a porous Colander. Britona, Teuca, Penelope, Clalia, Baldraca, Pero, Alceste, Cornelia, Euridice, Vesta, Evada, Alcyone, Hypsecratea, Pandora, Rhodigune, Æmilia, Valeria, whose names of yore Were celebrated with fuch Eulogyes, no more Shall be thought worthy fo great honor, but fuspend-Until this Grand Inquest of chastity be ended. For how can vertue by fuch Petits be imbrac'd, When their superlative LUCRETIA proves unchast? Once did I think her chastity as free from stain As th' Chrystalized Ice within the frozen Main, Or the Castifick Emerald, and did prefer Her Name to the first Rubrick in my Kalender. But now her Innocence alass is blurr'd by Fame, And with a blacker cole I must ingross her Name.

This faid she flung her self upon the Stream
Abruptly leaving this unweildy Theme;
And hasts to Arro's Nuptials, who was willing
T'espouse fair Alne, the Woodland's clearskin'd disLeaving my passions t' gether by the ears, (ling.
And me to speak the residue in tears.

ow F

ide,

faid be

ed?

ne?

FINIS.

